

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

Specialist in All Matters of National Defense

WASHINGTON.—He might be a matinee idol, for he has the raven-black hair and the flashing black eyes and the pearly white teeth—but he is not. He is Grosvenor Clarkson, secretary of the council of national defense.



He is the Adonis of all of America's war makers.

Still a man of youth, Clarkson carries upon his shoulders great burdens, and his face betrays the fact. In the street he walks, always with a furrowed brow, deep in thought. In his office he is found most frequently, silent and thoughtful. When he came to Washington he was a young man. Under the pressure of war work he is rapidly growing old.

The career of Clarkson has been a varied one. He came originally from Des Moines, Ia., where he was engaged in newspaper work. He heard the siren call of the large Eastern cities, however. He wanted to work and mingle with the rushing throngs of America's metropolis, and he went to New York.

Clarkson fitted in with the hustle and the bustle of New York, for Clarkson was a hustler. He went into the advertising business and made a name for himself as a man "with a punch," a man who could put anything across. Then there came the great American movement for preparedness. Those who were financing the movement saw in Clarkson a man who could appeal to the American people in a manner which would attract them. Clarkson became the publicity man behind the movement. When the war came, Clarkson was taken into the council of national defense.

As secretary of the council he finds himself with the sturdy task of handling the enthusiastic spirit of thousands of Americans who want to help. He is a sort of official buffer—the man who separates the sheep from the goats and who considers the weight of the various propositions of help that are put up daily to the council of national defense.

Every moment of the day Clarkson is available. To him come appeals for aid from every war administrator in Washington. He is the one man who has at his finger-tips the mass of knowledge concerning people and things that makes it possible for him to always recommend the right man to do the right thing.

The burden of his work is showing upon Clarkson; but he throws it off occasionally and takes himself to a tennis court, where he forgets the war and his worries and displays his ability as a racketeer.

Girls Add to Lure of the Soda-Water Fountain

PRETTY girls, neat in bib and tucker, are soon to take the places of red-headed and gawky youths of the sterner sex as dispensers of soda water and other liquid refreshments in Washington. Half a dozen establishments in Washington have already made the change, which will undoubtedly make them so popular with the male contingent that all others will follow the example.

An unprecedented shortage of soda "jerkers" of the male variety has caused the proprietors of such establishments to insert advertisements for girls to act as dispensers at soda water and refreshment stands.

The ease with which an experienced boy attendant at such places can get employment has made them exceedingly "cocky," so the proprietors have apparently with one accord decided to dispense with male "slingers."

Once the girls get the jobs, there will probably be no return to boys as dispensers, for the substitution of the neater, sweeter maidens who serve drinks with an alluring smile worth the price of many drinks will, undoubtedly, prove so popular with the patrons that no fountain owner will dare to return to the unattractive male attendant.

While girls may possibly be employed for slightly less than the figures mentioned above, the law says they shall work only eight hours a day. This last mentioned fact is probably one reason why they have not been more extensively employed as attendants in the past.

There is now an unprecedented shortage of soda "jerkers" and the experienced youth has no trouble in getting a job. Many are of draft age, and have been called to the colors. Others have volunteered for military service. Higher wages given in practically all trades have caused hundreds to forsake the calling for positions as semiskilled carpenters.

Eastern Artist Is at Work on Famous Capitol Frieze

A LARGE, egglike, wooden structure, suspended from the balcony in the rotunda of the capitol, attracts the attention of every visitor these days. The answer to the invariable question is that Charles Ager Whipple, an artist of New York and Boston, is at work on a proposed continuation of the famous Brumidi-Costaglini frieze, which ends abruptly with a group representing the discovery of gold in California.



Mr. Whipple has received permission from the joint committee on library of congress to place in the vacant space his suggestion for completing the circle. He is working this out in such manner that if congress does not approve the work can be erased or taken down. The episodes in American history chosen by Mr. Whipple are the invention of the locomotive and the application of steam to travel and transportation; the development of electricity; the freeing of Cuba; the building of the Panama canal, and the development of the modern battleship and the airplane.

The capitol rotunda frieze was started by Constantino Brumidi, who carried his work to the group representing Penn's treaty with the Indians. After his death Filippo Costaglini carried out the idea, beginning with the three Indians at the left side of the Penn group. His last group represents the discovery of gold in California. Costaglini died in 1907, and since then no work has been attempted on the frieze.

Infallible Signs Prove "Passing of Summer"

INFALLIBLE signs of autumn are daily appearing on the streets of the national capital with the result that a favorite topic of conversation in hotel lobby groups is the "passing of summer." Perhaps winter's advance press agents are not so competent as those of Dame Summer's, for it is a certainty that the latter season is heralded much more auspiciously than the former.

Be that as it may, however, there are certain "ill" things, both seen and unseen, which unfailingly register the annual near decasement of Old Sol's piercing reign.

For instance, when a feller begins to see his companions searching through their last year's vest pocket for a yellow pawn ticket bearing the menacing inscription "one overcoat" they may feel safe to wager their all that the warning "falling of the leaves, leaves, leaves," has not been without fruitful result.

Then, too, the appearance of golden pumpkins in the glassed window of your favorite lunchroom all tends to steady your wavering reasoning.

And to clinch it all you pick up your morning newspaper and see an article about world series dope. Then you remember how you shivered on the autumn afternoon when you attended those historic games last season (this is deep humor if you are a Washingtonian) and are honest to goodness convinced that the "passing of summer" is something that must be reckoned with.



Fads And Fancies Of Fashion

The collection of suits presented for fall is really superb. Good taste dominates them in styles and color and in materials and trimming. They are wonderfully tailored. Most of the new wool goods have a soft, velvety finish, and certain fashionable colors appear at their best in surfaces of this kind, like tan, beige, castor, gray and wine.

The quiet of the colors fashionable for fall makes room for all sorts of clever eccentricities of cut, and the smartest tailors have taken advantage of this opportunity to show how ingenious they can be. They think out

with the radiance of pearls and diamonds. It is to be worn with a scarf of malines over the arms and shoulders.

Nearly always, with such splendid materials, the designer confines himself to the simplest methods of using it. The bodice in this instance appears to be a straight piece of the material wrapped easily about the figure. The skirt is very full, but the weight of the passementerie holds it close to the figure. It is draped at the sides as demonstrated in the picture. For a dancing frock it may be caught by the fingers and lifted like a pair of wings.



THE SORT OF SUITS WE WANT.

the best lines for the slender figure and the best lines for the stout figure and proceed to work revolutions in the appearance of their patrons. The plump lady looks trim and the thin lady looks graceful, having lost her angles in a new and innocent-looking tailored suit which has been carefully designed to conceal them. They go on their way rejoicing after they have selected the styles made for them.

A study of the suit pictured above will reveal what the art of the tailor can do by way of achieving the unusual and interesting while preserving the simple, graceful lines demanded by the mode. The coat is cut with hanging panels, each finished at the bottom with a band of fur. Plaits, set in at the back, dispose of the waistline in the best possible way and concede the right of fashion to demand that backs be made interesting. There is a collar of fur, and deep plain cuffs of the cloth attract attention to their shapeliness with big bone buttons set in a row.

The skirt is plain, leaving intricacies

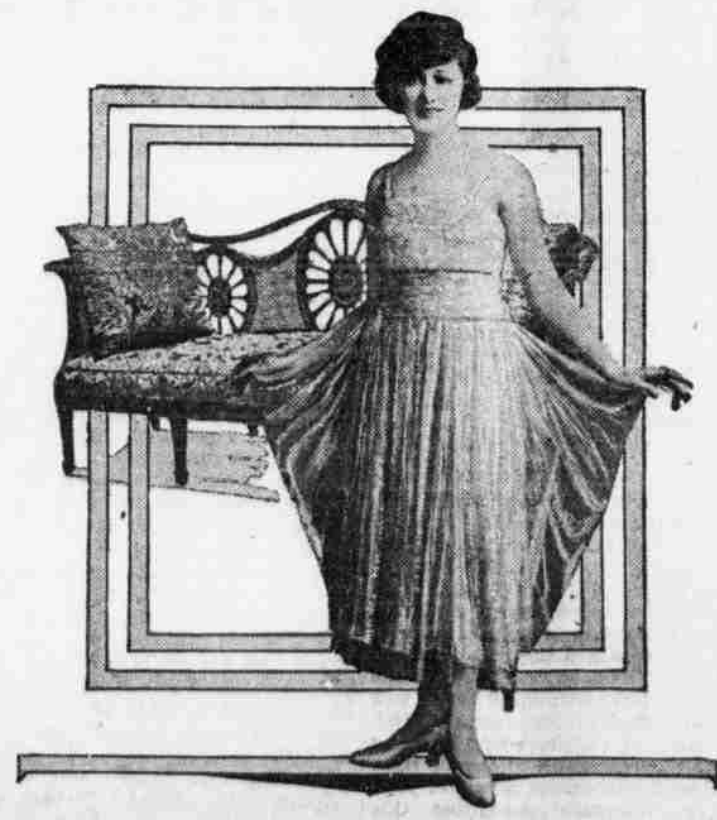
The bodice is supported by strands of rhinestone over the shoulders and joined to the skirt by an easy girdle of the material that conforms to the lines of the waist.

Flat tassels of crystal beads finish the joints of drapery at the sides and at the bottom of the skirt. White satin slippers and white silk stockings, and a band of brilliants about the hair, are to be worn with this frock, and they should be without ornament. The scarf of tulle about the shoulders—not shown in the picture—veils the brilliance of sequins and rhinestones and adds beauty to the gown and to its wearer.

Julia Bottomley

Drawnwork for Undergarments.

Flat decoration continues to be the favorite trimming for the new French under apparel. In a shipment just arrived from Paris, both voile triple and



LIKE A GORGEOUS BUTTERFLY.

of cut and making to the coat. After all, it contrives to escape being fussy and to preserve the clean lines that belong to the tailor-made.

This is one of those brilliant evening gowns that transform their wearers into the semblance of a wonderful butterfly. It is made of net, with a petticoat underneath of net and still another of thin and lustrous satin. The dress is almost incrustated with straight bands of mother-of-pearl sequins and little rhinestones that reflect the light

linen have been treated in this way. There are many different stitches in this work, which is really drawnwork. The one most commonly seen is the "flet" stitch, a kind of delicate punchwork that forms a lacy web and is an excellent background for the design, either in embroidery or more commonly of the solid material outlined in a fine white thread.

The designs are usually conventional flower patterns, rather large, or else merely geometrical.

HOME TOWN HELPS

TOWNS IN ENGLAND PLANNED

Garden Cities Show What Can Be Accomplished by Carefully Laying Out Site Before Building.

In the garden cities of England, such as Letchworth and Hampstead, the site of the town was purchased by a company and the town was laid out as a whole with reservations for public and semi-public buildings, parks, playgrounds and civic centers. The location of factories, business houses and stations was designated and the sites of the residences were carefully planned.

The result has been highly gratifying from every point of view. The convenience and comfort of the citizens have been promoted, a high degree of beauty has been obtained and the health of the communities has become far famed.

When these garden cities are compared with the towns that have grown up without planning the value of town planning becomes evident. In one the needs of community life are recognized and provided for; in the other the community is ignored and each individual is left to follow his own initiative. In one a high measure of comfort is assured the individual by his taking the proper place in the community; in the other the individuals clash in their efforts to promote self-interest, with result that the few secure the desired comforts at the expense and disadvantage of the many.

COPYRIGHTS ITS LAMP-POSTS

Alhambra, Cal., Adopts Exclusive Design in Which City's Emblem Is Used Effectively.

Artistic lamp-posts of concrete and iron have been erected in Alhambra, Cal., which were made especially for the city according to a design that has been copyrighted, so that posts of this type cannot be used elsewhere.

The insignia of the city is a crescent and star, which is suggestive of the Moorish palace in Spain bearing



the same name as this California town. The emblem has been used very effectively in designing the arms which support two of the three lights on each post. It also appears on the sides of the base. Above each of the latter ornaments is a mission bell. One of these bells serves as a door to the fuse box situated within.

Playgrounds in Parks.

That city could well boast of being nearly ideal for residential purposes could it be said that it provided a well-equipped playground within easy reach of every home, says a playground expert. Primarily and fundamentally the writer believes in a complete separation of park and playground, but this is impossible in any city called to mind, through lack of suitable area for play and this is more to be desired than parks for mere breathing space. The only reasonable solution then is to have some equipment and conveniences for play in every park unless close by an official playground. Yet the history of small parks where special provision for juveniles has been made plainly show that it has usually brought spoliation and general untidiness impossible to overcome except when confined to well-defined areas within protection of hedge, fence or wall. And this should be provided in the original plan of every park, or later the park design will have to undergo changes to admit of this very necessary provision for childhood's happy play.

Simple Plants About House.

Have planting close about the house of a quiet and simple nature except you plant palms and other stately architectural subjects to accentuate and harmonize architecture. Bolder effects in garden should be farthest away, says a gardening expert.

Creating an Anxiety.

"I have told you several times that you will injure your health if you worry."

"Yes. And now you've got me worried half to death for fear I'll worry."



IN THE CITIES

Baseball Fan Dies in a Moment of Happiness

NEW YORK.—It was the ninth inning. The game stood 3 to 2 against the home team. Two men were out, and William Koch, Jr., came to the bat. In the crowd that had gathered in the ball park on the old Morris estate in the Bronx, where this critical situation developed, was Koch, Sr. He was fifty-four years old and a baseball fan of the real, 24-karat kind. He was fond of the sport, proud of his boy and always ready with a whoop or a cheer for a play that made his team feel as though it had friends behind it.



William, the junior, belonged to a club of local youngsters that played under no particular name any aggregation which came along and thought that it could take the laurels from the Bronx boys. Nine strange and unnamed young men had come to dispute supremacy with them. The two men were out, one man was on base and one run was needed to tie the score in the ninth. Young William picked a bat with great care. He faced the pitcher with the confidence of youth.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

The pitcher wound up again. He sent one over the plate with a snap and there came a report that sounded like a rifle in full play. The ball sped on and on over the head of the center fielder. The man on base ran home and young Koch made the circuit of the bases.

Everybody lost sight of the elder man in the general jollification that followed the home run until somebody called out that a man had fallen in the crowd. Young Koch ran over to see what had happened.

He found his father dead. Heart disease had asserted itself and the excitement of the moment in which he saw his son proclaimed a local hero was too much for the old baseball fan.

California "Fresh-Air" Cranks Attend Campfire

LOS ANGELES.—Eighteen miles northwest of this city, near Roscoe, a colony of cranks has been enjoying the next-to-nature life during the past week under the watchful eyes of Dr. Leroy Henry, chief crank of the bunch.

The word "cranks" is not inappropriate, because the folks themselves call themselves such and their present stunt is the "second annual campfire of California cranks." Moreover, the colony had its rendezvous at Camp "Don't-Give-a-Damn," located on "Freedom Hill." Evidently the conventions are not observed to the letter and "have a good time" seems to be the mainspring of the outing.

The cranks have been enjoying the simple life for more than two weeks. Two sessions daily have been held, one at two o'clock and the other at seven o'clock, each lasting a full two hours. The rules of the camp forbade a discussion of the main topic. Incidentally there have been music and some recitations.

Each crank has his or her own blankets and food and such a thing as a bed is taboo. No, indeed; old Mother Earth is good enough. Doctor Henry announced in the beginning that repose would be upon "garden beds softened with pick and rake," and it has been so. Doctor Henry, who gets his mail at Burbank, invited his friends to wear washable clothes "and for a few days to live the simple, relaxed life under the trees with the birds and stars and intellectual friends." He also told them: "Tune up your inner life and adjust the wheels in your head so your soul, if you have one, will have as good a chance to grow as your potatoes and bank account."



Pitiful Story Touched Kindly Heart of Judge

KANSAS CITY.—A red velvet hat with a brim that drooped; a faded pink kimono, pinned by facile feminine fingers into the semblance of a gown; a face that an artist would seek anywhere except in a police court—a face not yet woman, but no longer child—with puzzled round blue eyes. A big kindly patrolman not in uniform. A thin, nervous woman—the defendant.



"Tell us about it," said Judge Joseph F. Keenan, not at all in his court manner.

"The fringe on the red hat brim trembled a very little. The lips that were not too red quivered—still less. That was all.

"You tell us, then," Judge Keenan said to the patrolman.

"This girl," the patrolman said, "is thirteen years old. Her parents are divorced. She's been living with her mother," pointing to the nervous, sharp-featured woman, "at 22 West Seventh street. The mother has been teaching her petty thievery and shoplifting."

A neighbor woman stepped forward.

"I've seen the mother beat her with a wash stick," she said. "And—other things."

The court looked at the girl. The girl looked at her mother.

"Don't be afraid," the judge said. "Are those things true?"

No one but the judge was close enough to hear the answer, but a tremor swept the hat fringe again.

"When I took her from the house," the patrolman ventured, "she begged me to take her away—anywhere."

"Five hundred dollars," said the court to the mother. "And this," looking at the girl, "is a case for the juvenile court."

The judge looked at the wondering eyes under the red hat brim, and took off his spectacles and polished them furiously.

Burglar-Proof Iron Safe Levied On by Attorney

NEW ORLEANS.—David F. Williams, a carpenter here, now probably is satisfied that even a burglar-proof iron safe in one's home is not proof against lawyers, the courts and the civil sheriff's forces. Three or four months ago the National Surety company signed a sequestration bond for Williams, it alleged, for \$3,023.55. Williams failed to deliver the goods and the bonding company had the amount to pay. The National then brought suit and secured a judgment against Williams.

How to satisfy the judgment was a puzzle, however, as Williams had no property that the bonding company's attorney, William Grant, could discover. Eventually, however, Mr. Grant learned that Williams had an iron safe in his house at 816 Second street. Taking a chance shot, Mr. Grant had this safe seized. Williams refused to open it until the deputy sheriffs threatened to send for a safe-lock expert and have it opened.

Williams relented, opened the strong box, and in it were found \$1,340 in cash and \$4,400 in mortgage notes made out in the name of Mrs. Catherine Sheehy. Williams declared that neither the money nor the bonds belonged to him.

Saturday Williams called at the sheriff's office, met Mr. Grant, and the claim was compromised for \$2,500. Williams paid that amount in cash.

